







THE PIPES OF PAN,



THE PIPES OF PAN  
FROM THE BOOK OF  
MYTHS

BY BLISS CARMAN

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“LOW TIDE ON GRAND PRE”  
“BALLADS OF LOST HAVEN,” ETC.  
“BEHIND THE ARRAS,”  
“BY THE AURELIAN WALL,”  
“A WINTER HOLIDAY,”  
“CHRISTMAS EVE AT ST. FAVIN’S,”  
“ODE FOR THE CORONATION OF KING EDWARD,”  
JOINT AUTHOR WITH RICHARD HOVEY OF  
“SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA,”  
“MORE SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA,”  
AND “LAST SONGS FROM VAGABONDIA.”

TO

C. G. D. R.

"For my heart had a touch of the woodland tide."

*The Ghost House,  
Twilight Park in the Catskills,  
August, 1902.*



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## PREFACE

It is a hearty old saying that “Good wine needs no bush.” Why, then, should the master of a roadhouse hang out a sign, letting folk know there is good drink within?

Consider the feelings of the landlord, poor man. At once nettled and abashed, he exclaims:

“Pray why should I stick a bough over my door? My tavern is well bespoken for miles about, and all the folk know I serve nothing but good, honest liquor,—and mighty comforting it is of a cold night, when the fire is bright on the hearth, or refreshing on a hot day either.”

“Nay, but,” says the stranger, “how should a traveller know of this? You must advertise, man. Hang out your sign to attract the passer-

by, and increase trade. Trade's the thing. You should be doing a driving business, with a cellar like yours."

"Huh," replies the taverner, "I perceive that in the city where you come from it may not be a mark of character in a man to rely wholly upon merit, but that if one would ensure success, he must sound a trumpet before him, as the hypocrites do, that they may have glory of men, as the Word says."

"Tut, man," says the stranger, "look at your friend John Doe under the hill yonder. Does a wonderful business. Famous all over the country for his home-brewed ale, and his pockets lined with gold."

"Yes," says the host, "John Doe is a good thrifty man and as fine a comrade as you'd wish to find, selling his hundred thousand bottles a year. But the gist of the matter between us isn't all in quantity, I'll be bound. Quality is something. And as for myself I would as soon have a bottle of wine as a keg of beer any day. Wine is the poetry of life,

a man needs have,—meat for his belly, a fire for his shins, and generous wine to keep him in countenance with himself. And that's no such easy matter in a difficult world, I can tell you. 'Tis wine that gives a man courage and romance, and puts heart in him for deeds and adventures and all manner of plain wholesome love. And that, after all, is the mainspring with most men, hide it how they may. For what ever was done, that was worth doing, and was not done for a woman or for the sake of a friend, I should like to know?"

"Maybe I hadn't thought of that," says the stranger. "You must have tasted some rare wine in your time."

"Not so much," says the other, "but I was born with a shrewd taste for it, you may say. Moreover I came of a people who were far farers in their day, and have been abroad myself more than once. So it comes you

find the foreign vintages in my bins. There's some Greek wine I have, sir, that's more than a century old, I'll wager; and a rare Moonwine, as they call it, picked up in an out-of-the-way port, that will make you forget your sorrow like a strain of music; night wines from France, too; and some Heather Brose, very old and magical, such as the little dark people used to make hereabout in the times of the Celts long ago,—and very good times they were too. It is not these days that have all the wisdom ever was, you may be sure."

"You are not such a bad advocate, after all," remarks the stranger. "You speak very invitingly."

"Step inside," says the landlord.

BLISS CARMAN.

*October 10, 1902.*

## OVERLORD

πνεύμα κυρίου ἐπ' ἐμέ.

LORD of the grass and hill,  
Lord of the rain,  
White Overlord of will,  
Master of pain,

I who am dust and air  
Blown through the halls of death,  
Like a pale ghost of prayer—  
I am thy breath.

Lord of the blade and leaf,  
Lord of the bloom,  
Sheer Overlord of grief,  
Master of doom,

## OVERLORD

Lonely as wind or snow,  
Through the vague world and dim,  
Vagrant and glad I go;  
I am thy whim.

Lord of the storm and dull,  
Lord of the sea,  
I am thy broken gull,  
Blown far alee.

Lord of the harvest dew,  
Lord of the dawn,  
Star of the paling blue  
Darkling and gone,

Lost on the mountain height  
Where the first winds are stirred,  
Out of the wells of night  
I am thy word.

Lord of the haunted hush,  
Where raptures throng  
I am thy hermit thrush,  
Ending no song.

Lord of the frost and cold,  
Lord of the North,  
When the red sun grows old  
And day goes forth,

I shall put off this girth,—  
Go glad and free,  
Earth to my mother earth,  
Spirit to thee.

## THE PIPES OF PAN

*THIS is something that I hear,  
Half a cry and half a word,—  
On a magic day in June,  
In the ghostly azure noon,  
Where the wind among the trees  
Made mysterious melodies,  
Such as those which filled the earth  
When the elder gods had birth.*

Ah, the world is growing old !  
Of the joys it used to hold,  
Love and beauty naught have I  
But the fragrant memory,  
  
Once, ah, once, (ye know the story !)  
When the earth was in her glory,

Ere man gave his heart to breed  
Iron hate and heartless greed,  
Near a meadow by a stream  
Quiet as an ageless dream,  
As I watched from the green rim  
Of a beech grove cool and dim,  
Musing in the pleasant shade  
The soft leafy sunlight made,  
What should gleam and move and quiver  
Down by the clear, pebbly river,  
Where the tallest reeds were growing  
And the bluest iris blowing,—  
Gleam a moment and then pass,  
(Ah, the dare-to-love she was,  
In her summer-fervid dress  
Of sheer love and loveliness!)  
Wayward, melting, shy, and fond,  
Lissome as a bulrush wand,  
Fresh as meadowsweet new-blown,  
Sandal lost, and loosened zone,

Our own white Arcadian  
Touched with rose and creamy tan,  
Eyes the colour that might fleck  
The red meadow lily's neck,  
Hair with the soft silky curl,  
Of some strayed patrician girl,  
Beech-brown on the sunlit throat,  
Cheek of tawny apricot,  
Parted lips and breast aglow,—  
Who but Syrinx, as ye know !

Gone, swift as a darting swallow,  
What could young Pan do but follow?  
(Have ye felt the warm blood leap,  
When the soul awakes from sleep,  
At a glance from some dark eye  
Of a sudden passing by?—  
Known the pulse's hurried throb  
And the breathing's catch and sob,

When upon his race with Death,  
Life the runner halts for breath,  
Taking with a happy cry  
His brief draught of ecstasy?)  
Call I did, with only laughter  
Blown back, as I hurried after;  
Till I reached the riverside,  
Where I last had seen her glide  
In among the reeds, and there  
Lost her. But a breath of air  
Moved the grass-heads, going by,  
And I heard the rushes sigh.

So the chase has always proved;  
And Pan never yet has doved,  
But the loved one all too soon  
Merged in music and was gone,—  
Melted like a passing strain,  
Vanished like a gust of rain

Or a footfall of the wind,  
Leaving not a trace behind.  
All that once was Pity's stirs  
In the soft voice of the firs.  
Lovers, when ye hear that sigh,  
Not without a prayer pass by !  
And, O lovers, when ye hear,  
On a morning soft and clear,  
All that once was Echo still  
Wandering from hill to hill,  
Breathe a prayer lest ye too stray,  
Lost upon the mountain way,  
And go seeking all your lives  
Love, when but his ghost survives !

Then a swaying river reed  
From the water, for my need,  
In a dream I blindly drew,  
Cut and fashioned, ranged and blew,-

Such a music as was played  
Never yet since earth was made.  
Shrilling, wild and dazed and thin,  
All my welling heart therein  
Trembled, till the piping grew  
Pure as fire and fine as dew,  
Till confusion was untangled  
From the crowding notes that jangled,  
And a new-created world  
To my wonder was unfurled,  
Sphere by sphere, as climbing sense  
Faltered at the imminence  
Of the fragile thing called soul  
Just beyond oblivion's goal,  
And creation's open door  
Bade me enter and explore.

Slowly hill and stream and wood  
Merged and melted, for my mood,

With the colour of the sun  
In the pipe I played upon.  
Slowly anger from me fell,  
In the coil of that new spell  
My own music laid on me,—  
Like the great rote of the sea,  
Like the whisper of the stream,  
Like a wood bird's sudden gleam,  
Or the gusts that swoop and pass  
Through the ripe and seeding grass  
Perfect rhythm and colour cast  
In the perfect mould at last.

Slowly I came back to poise,—  
A new self with other joys,  
Other raptures than before,  
Harming less and helping more.  
I could strive no more for gain;  
Being was my true domain,

And the smiling peace that ever  
In the end outruns endeavour.  
It was not enough to do,  
I must feel, but reason too,—  
Find the perfect form and fashion  
For the elemental passion ;  
Else must blemish still be hurled  
On the beauty of the world,—  
Gloom and clang and hate alloy  
Colour, melody, and joy,  
And the violence of error  
Fill the earth with sound and terror.

So I felt the subtle change,  
Large, enduring, keen, and strange ;  
And on that day long ago  
I became the god ye know,  
Made by music out of man.  
Now ye have the pipes of Pan,

Whieh ye call by Syrinx' name,  
Keeping bright a little fame,  
Few folk ever think upon.  
Ah, but where is Syrinx gone?

*As the mountain twilight stow . . .  
Through the woods from bole to bole,  
A dumb warden setting free  
Every shy divinity,  
I became aware of each  
Presence, aspen, bass, and beech ;  
And they all found voice and made  
A green music in the shade.*

Therefore, therefore, mortal man,  
When ye hear the pipes of Pan,  
Marvel not that they should hold  
Something sad and calm and old,  
Like an eerie minor strain.  
Running through the strong refrain

All there is of human woe  
Pan has fathomed long ago ;  
All of sorrow, all of ill,  
Kindly Pan remembers still ;  
Disappointment, grief, disdain,  
Stifled impulse and bleak pain,—  
Pan has learned them ; Pan has known  
Hurts and passions of his own.

Thus Pan knows the secret hid  
Under the Great Pyramid ;  
Why young lovers for their love  
Think the stars are light enough,  
And they very well may house  
In the odorous fir boughs,—  
Think there is no light of day  
With the loved one gone away,  
Use in life, nor pleasure more  
By the hearth or ~~out~~ of door,—

Since all things begin and end  
But to glad the little friend,  
And all gladness is forgot  
Where the little friend is not.

Thus Pan melts your human neart  
With the magic of his art.  
Yet, O heart-distracted man,  
When you hear the pipes of Pan,  
Marvel not that they should hold  
Something sure and strong and bold,  
Like a dominant refrain  
Heartening the minor strain.

Come into the woods once more;  
Leave the fire and close the door;  
Trust the spirit that has made  
Musical the light and shade,  
Still to guard you, still to guide you,  
Somewhere in the wood beside you.

Pace for pace upon the road  
To your larger next abode.  
Though the world should lay a finger  
On your arm to bid you linger  
Ye shall neither halt nor tarry  
(Little be the load ye carry!).  
When ye hear the pipes of Pan  
Shrill and pleading in the van.  
'Tis the music that has freed you  
From the old life, and shall lead you,  
Gently wise and strongly fond,  
To the greater life beyond.  
Yet I whisper to you, "Stay;  
That new life is here; to-day  
In your home, whose roof shall rise  
From the ground before your eyes."

For Pan loves you and is near.  
Though no music you should hear.

Hearken, hearken ; it will grow,  
Spite of bitterness and woe,  
Clear and sweet and undistraught,  
(This old earth's impassioned thought,) .  
'And the sorry heart shall learn  
What no rapture could discern.  
All the music ye have heard :  
Mountain brook and orchard bird ;  
Fifers in the April swamp,  
Fiddlers leading August's pomp ;  
All the mellow flutes of June  
Melting on the mating time ;  
Pale tree cricket with his bell  
Ringing ceaselessly, and well,  
Sounding silver to the brass  
Of his cousin in the grass ;  
Hot cicada clacking by,  
When the air is dusty dry ;  
Old man owl, with noiseless flight,  
Whoo-hoo-hooing in the night ;

Surf of ocean, sough of pine ;  
Note of warbler, sharp and fine ;  
Rising wind and falling rain,  
Lowing cattle on the plain ;  
And that hardly noticed sound  
When the apples come to ground,  
On the long, still afternoons,  
In the shelter of the dunes ;  
Chir and guggle, bark and cry,  
Bleat, hum, twitter, coo and sigh,  
Mew and belling, hoot and bay,  
Clack and chirrup, croak and neigh,  
Whoof and cackle, whine and creak,  
Honk and chatter, caw and squeak ;  
Wolf and eagle, mink and moose,  
Each for his own joyous use  
Uttering the heart's desire  
As the season bade aspire ;  
Folk of meadow, crag, and dale,  
Open barren and deep swale,—

Every diyerse rhythm and time  
Brought to order, rahged in rhyme :  
All these bubbling notes once ran  
Thrilling through the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forges the  
Learned beneath the slim new moon ;  
When these throbings all were blent  
To the dominant intent ?

All the beauties ye have seen :  
Autumn scarlet, young spring green ;  
Floating mists that drift and follow  
Up the dark blue mountain hollow ;  
Yellow sunlight, silver spray ;  
The wild creatures at their play ;  
Through still hours the floating seed  
Of the thistle and milkweed,  
And the purple asters snowed  
In a drift beside the road ;

Swarthy fern by pebbly shoal ;  
Mossed and mottled beech-tree bough ;  
Fireflies in a dewy net,  
When the summer eves are wet ;  
All the bright, gay-coloured things  
Buoied in air on balanced wings ;  
All earth's wonder ; then the sea  
In his lone immensity  
Only the great stars can share,  
And the life uncounted there  
Where the coral gardens lie  
And the painted droves go by,  
In the water-light and gloom,  
Silent till the day of doom :  
These have lent, as beauty can,  
Colour to the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the keys  
Of their primal melody,

Phrase and motive to revive  
Every drooping soul alive?

'All the wilding rapture shared  
With the loved one, when ye dared  
(Lip to lip and knee to knee)  
Force the door of destiny,—  
Greatly loved and greatly gave,  
Too divine to stint or save;  
All the passion ye have poured  
For the joy of the adored;  
Spending without thought or measure  
Young delight and priceless treasure,  
Grown immortal in the hour  
When fresh manhood came in flower;  
All the ecstasy unspent  
From sweet ardours finding vent  
In the coming on of spring,  
When the rainy uplands ring,

And 'the misty woods unfold  
To the magic as of old;  
All the hot, delicious swoon  
Of the teeming summer noon,  
When the year is brought to prime  
By the bees among the thyme,  
And each mortal heart made over  
By the wind among the clover:  
All these glad things ye shall find  
With a free and single mind,  
Dreaming eye and cheek of tan,  
Lurking in the pipes of Pan.

*So the forest wind went by,—  
Half a word and half a sigh,—  
On a magic night in June,  
When the wondrous silent moon  
Flooded the blue mountain clove,  
And the stream in my beech grove*

*Uttered secrets strange and deep.  
Like one talking in his sleep.*

Would ye enter, maid and man,  
The novitiate of Pan?  
Know the secret of the strain  
Lures you through the summer plain,  
Guess the meaning of the thrill  
Haunts you on the autumn hill?  
Would ye too contrive a measure  
Out of love, to fill your leisure?  
Learn to fashion a flute-reed  
That should answer to love's need,  
When the spirit in you cries  
To be given form and guise  
Others may perceive and love  
Fair and much accounted of,—  
Craves to be the tenant heart  
In some wild, new, lovely art,

Such as haunts the glades of spring  
When the woodlands bloom and ring?

While the silver night still broods  
On the mountain solitudes,  
And the great white planet still  
Is undimmed upon the hill.—  
Ere a hint of subtile change  
Steals across the purple range  
To arouse the sleeping bird,—  
Hear the wise old master's word,  
When he leads the pregnant notes  
From the reedy golden throats,  
And the traveller, in their spell,  
Halts, and wonders what they tell!

Here is Pan's green flower, the earth,  
He has tended without dearth,  
Brought to blossom, fruit, and seed  
By the sap's imperious need,

When the season of the sun  
Sets its fervour free to run.  
Sap of tree and pith of man,  
Ah, but they are dear to Pan !  
Not a creature stirs or moves,  
But Pan heartens and approves ;  
Not a being loves or dies,  
But Pan knows the sacrifice.  
Man or stippling, wife or maid,  
Pan is ever by to aid ;  
And no harm can come to you,  
But his great heart feels it, too.

Love's use let the joiner prove  
By the fit of tongue and groove ;  
Or the smith, whose forge's play  
Stubborn metal must obey ;  
Let the temple-builders own,  
As they mortise stone to stone ;

Or the sailor, when he reeves  
Sheet and halliard through the sheaves ;  
Or the potter, from whose wheel  
Fair and finished shapes upsteal,  
As by magic of command,  
Guided by the loving hand.

Ye behold in love the tether  
Binding the great world together ;  
For without that coil of wonder  
The round world would fall asunder,  
And your hearts be filled with sadness  
At a great god's seeming madness,  
Where they now have peace, and hope,  
Somewhere, somehow, some will ope,  
And the loneliness be sated,  
And the longing be abated  
In the loved one, lovely past  
All imagining at last,

Melting, fragrant, starry-eyed,  
Like a garden in its pride,  
Odorous with mint and rapture  
Of soft joys no word can capture.

Ah, the sweet Pandean strain !  
He who hears it once shall gain  
Freedom of the open door,  
Willing to go back no more.  
When ye hear the sea pipes thunder,  
Bow the loving heart in wonder ;  
When ye hear the wood pipes play,  
Lift the door latch and away ;  
When ye hear the hill pipes calling,  
Where the pure ~~old~~ brooks are falling  
Follow till your feet have found  
The desired forgotten ground,  
And ye know, past all unlearning,  
By the raptured quench of yearning,

What the breath is to the reed  
Whenee the magic notes are freed,—  
What new life the gods discover  
To the loved one and the lover,  
When their fabled dreams come true  
In the wondrous fair and new.

For the music of the earth,  
Helping joy-of-heart to birth,  
(Field note, wood note, wild or mellow,  
Bidding all things fare and fellow,)—  
Means that wisdom lurks behind  
The enchantment of the mind ;  
And your longing keen and tense  
Still must trust the lead of sense,—  
Hint of colour, form, and sound,—  
Till it reach the perfect round,  
And completed blend its strain  
With the haunted pipes again.

Ye must learn the lift and thrill  
That elate the wood pipes still ;  
Feel the ecstasy and shiver  
Of the reed notes in the river ;  
Shudder to the minor trace  
In the sea's eternal Bass,  
And give back the whole heart's treasure  
To supreme the music's measure,  
Glad that love should sink and sound  
All the beauty in earth's bound.

All this loveliness which ran  
Searching through the pipes of Pan,—  
All this love must merge and blend  
With Pan's piping in the end.  
All the knowledge ye draw near  
At the ripening of the year,  
Living one day at a time,  
Innocent of fear or crime,

(When the mountain slopes put on  
Their brave scarlet in the sun.  
When the sea assumes a blue  
Such as April never knew,  
And the marshes, fields, and skies  
Sitting with colour as day dies,)—  
Peaceful, undistracted, free,  
In your earth-born piety;  
All the love when friend for friend  
Dared misfortune to the end,—  
Fronted failure, flouted harm,  
For the sake of folding arm,—  
Bravelier trod the earth, and bolder,  
For the touch of hand on shoulder;  
All the homely smiles and tears  
Ever given childish years;  
Every open, generous deed  
Lending help to human need;  
Every kindness to age,  
Every impulse true and sage,

Lifting concord out of strife,  
Bringing beauty into life :  
These no feeble faith can ban  
Ever from the pipes of Pan.

Think you Pan forgets the scheme  
Or the cadence of his theme ?  
Ah, your wit must still discover  
No mere madness of a lover,  
Headstrong, whimsical, and blind,  
But a prompting, sane and kind,  
Scope and purpose, hint and plan,  
Lurking in the pipes of Pan ;  
Calling ever, smooth and clear,  
Courage to the heading ear ;  
Fluting ever, sweet and high,  
Wisdom to the passer-by ;  
Sounding ever, soft and far,  
Happiness no grief can mar.

This enchantment Pan bequeaths  
Unto every lip that breathes;  
Cunning unto every hand;  
Agile under will's command,  
Unto every human heart  
The inheritance of art,  
Lighted only by a gleam  
Of the dear and deathless dream,—  
Power out of hurt and stain  
To bring beauty back again,  
And life's loveliness restore  
To a toiling age once more.

Yes, the world is growing old,  
But the joys it used to hold,  
Love and beauty, only grow  
Greater as they come and go,—  
Larger, keener, and more splendid,  
Seen to be superbly blended,

As the sadened years go by,  
Into chord and melody,  
Strong and clear as ever ran  
Over the rude pipes of Pan.

*So the music passed and died  
In the dark green mountain side ;  
The entranced ravine took on  
A new purple, faint and wan ;  
And I heard across the bush  
A far, solitary thrush  
From the hemlocks deep and still  
Fluting day upon the hill.*

*LEGENDS OF THE REED*

MARSYAS,

IN Celænæ by Meander lived a youth  
• once long ago;  
And one passion great and splendid  
• brimmed his heart to overflow,—  
Filled the world for him with beauty,  
sense and colour, joy and glow.

Not ambition and not power, love nor  
luxury nor fame,  
Beckoned him to join their pageant, sum-  
moned Marsyas by name,  
Bidding unreluctant spirit dare to keep  
the soaring aim;

But the sorceries of music, note and rapture,  
tone and thrill,  
Sounding the serene enchantment over  
meadow, stream and hill,  
Blew for him the undesisting magic call-note,  
followed still.

And he followed. Heart of wonder, how  
the keen blue smoke upcurled  
From the shepherd huts to heaven! How  
the dew lay silver-pearled  
Where sleek-sided cattle wandered thro'gh  
the morning of the world!

On a stream bank lay the idler dreaming  
dreams—for it was Spring—  
And he heard the frogs in chorus make  
the watery marshes ring;  
Heard new comers at their nesting in the  
vineyards pipe and sing;

Heard the river lisp below him, heard  
 the wind chafe reed on reed;  
 Every earth-imprisoned creature finding  
 vent and voice at need,  
 Ah! if only so could mortal longing and  
 delight be freed!

Hark! What piercing unknown ery comes  
 stealing o'er the forest ground,  
 Pouring sense and soul together in an  
 ecstasy new-found?  
 Dream's fulfilment brought to pass and  
 life un tethered at a bound!

Then it pauses, and the youth beyond  
 the river-bend perceives  
 A divine one in her beauty stand, half-  
 hidden by the leaves,  
 Fingering a wondrous wood-pipe, whence  
 the clear sound joys or grieves.

As he looked, entranced and musing at  
the marvel of the strain,  
All her loveliness uncinctured with a  
madness touched his brain,  
And love, like a vernal fever, dyed him  
with its scarlet stain.

But Athene, glancing downward in the  
silver of the stream,  
As she fluted, saw her perfect mouth dis-  
torted by a seam;  
Faltering, stopped, and, disconcerted,  
seemed to ponder half in dream

For a rueful moment; and then with re-  
luctance tossed the reed  
She had fashioned in a happy leisure  
mood to serve her need  
Back into the tranquil river, nothing but  
a river weed,

All the cunning life that filled it quenched  
and spilt and flung away,

To go seaward to oblivion on a wander-  
ing stream. But stay!

The young Phrygian lad has seen it,—  
marked the current set his way,—

Stooped and picked it from the water;  
put the treasure-trove to lip;  
Blown his first breath, faint yet daring,  
    felt the wild notes crowd and slip  
Into melody and meaning from each  
    testing finger-tip.

Then, ah, then had mortal spirit sweep  
    and room at last to range:

The lost limits of creation and the border-  
    lands of change,

All earth's loveliness transmuting into  
    something new and strange;

50 LEGENDS OF THE REED

All of beauty, all of knowledge, all of  
wonder, fused and caught

In the rhythmus of the music, weaving  
out of sense and thought

"And a touch of love the fabric out of  
which the world was wrought.

And the joy of each new cadence, as the  
glad notes pressed and cried,

Eager for the strain's fulfilment, as they  
rose and merged and died

"In the music's utmost measure, filled the  
rose-grey mountain side, —

Touched the sheep-bells in the meadow,  
moved the fishes in the stream,

And suffused the youth with glory as he  
passed from theme to theme;

Made him as the gods of morning in the  
ampler air of dream.

Ah, what secret, what enchantment so  
 could help the human need,  
 Save the breath of life that lingered in  
 the hollow of the reed,  
 Since the careless mouth of beauty blessed  
 it with so little heed?

There he stood, a youth transfigured in  
 the young world's golden glow.  
 Made immortal in a moment by the  
 music's melting flow,  
 Pattern of the artist's glory for the after  
 years to know.

There he stands for us in picture, with  
 the pipe whereon he plays;  
 The slow, large-eyed cattle wonder, and  
 the flocks forget to graze,  
 While upon the hill a shepherd turns and  
 listens in amaze.

52 LEGENDS OF THE REED

In the woods the timid creatures, reassured,  
approach and peer,  
Half aware the charm's allurement they  
must follow as they hear  
Is the first far-looked-for presage of the  
banishment of fear.

Silence falls upon the woodland, quiet  
settles on the plain;  
Earth and air and the blue heaven, with-  
out harm or taint or stain,  
Are restored to their old guise of large  
serenity again.

Thus the player at his piping in the  
early mode sad grave  
Took from Wisdom 'the inventress what  
the earth in bounty gave,  
And therein to round completion put  
the beating heart and brave.

So, you artists and musicians, earth awaits  
perfection still;

Wisdom tarries by the brookside, beauty  
loiters on the hill,

For the love that shall reveal them with  
the yet undreamed-of skill.

Love be therefore all your passion, the  
one ardour that ye spend

To enhance the craft's achievement with  
significance and trend,

Making faultless the wild strain that else  
were faulty to the end.

Love must lend the magic cadence—that  
unearthly dying fall,

When the simple sweet earth-music takes  
us captive past recall,

And the loved one and the lover lose  
this world, nor care at all.

## SYRINX

ONCE I saw (O breath of Summer !) in  
the azure prime of June,

When the Northland takes her joy and  
sets her wintered life in tune,  
The soft wind come down the river, where  
a heron slept at noon ;

Stir the ripening meadow-grasses, lift the  
lily-pads, and stray

Through the tall green ranks of rushes  
Dowling to its ghostly sway ;

Then I heard it, like a whisper of the  
world, take voice and say :

“ Mortal, by the woodwind’s murmur and  
the whisper of the stream,  
I, who am the breath of grasses and the  
soul of Summer’s dream,  
Once was Syrinx, whom a great god loved  
• and lost and made the theme

“ Of his mournful minor music. • Nay, I  
• who had worn the guise  
Which allured him, yet eluded, vanishing  
• before his eyes,  
When his heart held lonely commune,  
taking counsel to devise

“ Some new solace for sad lovers that  
• should give the spirit vent,  
Lovelier than speech of mortals where the  
stricken soul is pent  
And the longing gropes for language large  
enough for beauty’s bent;

## 55 LEGENDS OF THE REED

“ When he drew the reeds and ranged  
them, rank by rank from low to shrill,  
Bound them with the flax together—I was  
inspiration still,

I was heartache crying through them, I  
was echo on the hill.

“ And forever I am cadence, joyous, well-  
ing, sad, or fond,

When the breath of god or mortal, breaking  
time’s primeval bond,  
Blows upon the mouths of wood and all  
the mellow throats respond.

“ Not a flute, but I have hidden in its  
haunted hollow mouth;

In the deep Sicilian twilight, when the  
shepherd piped to fold,

I have been the eerie calling of the Pan  
pipes rude and old;

From the ivory monaulos, when the soft  
Egyptian stars  
Sentryed Cleopatra's gardens, through the  
open window-bars  
I went forth, a splendid torment, o'er the  
dreaming nenuphars.

"In the silver-mounted laurel played by  
some Byzantine boy,  
I was frenzy, when the throng night after  
night went mad for joy,  
As the dancer Theodora made the Emperor  
her toy."

"In the boxwood bound with gold I drew  
my captives down the Nile  
To the love-feasts of Bubastis, lovers by  
the thousand file,  
Willing converts to my love-call, children  
of the changeless smile.

“ Babylonian Mylitta heard me keep the  
limpid tune,

When the lovers danced before her at  
the feast of the new moon,

Till the rosy flowers of beauty through  
her sacred groves were strewn.

“ And Sidonian Astarte and the Asian  
Cypriote

Knew the large, unhurried measure of  
my earth-sweet pagan rite,

When the dancing youths before them  
followed me from note to note.

“ Where some lithe Bithynian flute-boy  
nude and golden in the sun,

Set his red mouth to the twin pipes, I  
was in each pause and rite,

When his manhood took the meaning  
of the love-notes one by one. &

“ And amid the fields of iris by the blue  
Ionian sea,

I was solemn-hearted sweetness and pure  
passion soon to be

In the dark-haired little maid who piped  
her budding melody.

“ I was youth and love and rapture, I  
was madness in their veins,

Calling through the heats of Summer  
calling in the soft Spring rains,

From the olive Phrygian hillsides and  
the deep Bœotian plains.

“ I but blew, and mortals followed; I  
but breathed and they were glad,—  
King and mendicant and sailor, courtesan  
and shepherd lad;

• For there is no creed nor canon laid on  
music’s myriad.

"Not a tribe nor race nor people born  
in darkest savagery,  
Dwellers in the Afric forest or the islands  
of the sea,  
But I wooed them from their war-drums  
—made them gentle—set them free.

"Silence fell upon the tam-tams throbbing  
terror through the night,  
And the prayer-gongs ceased to conjure  
cowering villages with fright,  
When my cool note, clear as morning,  
called them to a new delight.

"I, the breath of flute and oboe, golden  
wood and silver reed,  
Put away their fear, and taught them  
with my love-tone to give heed,  
When the love grew large within them,  
to the lovely spirit's need.

‘ Henceforth no mere frantic rhythm of  
beating foot and patting hand,  
Nor monotonous marimba could suffice for  
soul’s demand,

When Joy called her wayworn children  
and Peace wandered through the land.

“ Love must build a better music than  
the strumming tambourine  
To ensphere his worlds of wonder, height,  
and depth and space between,  
Pleasure-lands for Soul, the lover, to  
preempt as his demesne.

“ So he took the simple reed-note, as a  
dewdrop clear and round,  
Blew it (magic of creation!) to the  
tenuous profound  
Of sheer gladness, light and colour of  
the universe of sound.

“And there soars the shining structure,  
    tong on tone as star on star.

Spheres of knowledge and of beauty,  
    where love’s compensations are,

And the plenitudes of spirit move to  
    rhythm without a jar ;

“Every impulse in its orbit swinging to  
    the utmost range

Of the normal sweep of being, through  
    unfathomed gulfs of change,

Poised, unswerved, and never finding  
    aught unlovely or unstrange.

“When some dark Peruvian lover set  
    the love-flute to his lip,

I was the new soft enchantment loosed  
    upon the dusk, to slip

Through the trees, and thrill the loved  
    one from warm nape to fingertip ;

“Till she could not choose but follow  
where my player piped for her;  
So I roused the love within her, set the  
gypsy pulse astir,  
With my wild delicious pleading, strong  
as incense, fine as myrrh.

“When for love the Winnebago took his  
Courting-flute and played  
His wild theme for days together near the  
lodge door of his maid,  
It was ritual and rapture of the triumph  
he essayed.

“And my brown Malayan lovers pierce  
the living gold bamboo,  
For the lone melodious accents of the wind  
to wander through,  
While my haunting spirit tells them many  
a secret old and true.

“In the soft Sumatran pan-flute with its  
 seven notes I plead ;  
 am help to the Marquesan in his slender  
 scarlet reed ;  
 From the immemorial East, I draw my  
 dark-eyed gypsy breed.

‘Chukma, Dyak, Mahalaka, Papuan and  
 Ashanti

Hillmen from the Indian snows, canoe-men  
 from the Carib sea,  
 Tribesmen from the world’s twelve corners,  
 at my whisper come to me—

“All the garlanded earth-children in their  
 gala bright array,  
 Laughing like the leaves, or sighing like  
 the graces-heads which I sway ;  
 For my lure is swift to lead them, and  
 my solace strong to stay.

“ And the road must melt before them and  
their piping fill all lands,  
Till a new world at their fluting like a  
magic flower expands,  
And Soul’s unexplored dominion is sur-  
rendered to their hands.

“ Did not I, the woodbreath, calling, make  
thy mortal pulses ring,  
And thy many-seasoned roostree with its  
dusty rafters sing?  
Was not I the long, sweet love-throb in  
the music-house of Spring?

“ Think how all the golden willows and  
the maples, crimson-keyed,  
Kept the rare appointed season, flowering  
at the instant need,  
When the wood-pipes gave my summons  
and the marshy flutes were freed!

“Love be, then, in every heart-beat, when  
the year comes round to June,  
And life reaches up to rapture, lingering  
on the perfect tune,  
As this evening in your valley silvered  
by the early moon.”

Thus I heard the voice of Syrinx, by  
the dreamy river shore,  
Sift and cease, as one might pass through  
a large room and close the door;  
And I knew myself a stranger on this  
lovely earth no more.

## THE MAGIC FLUTE

HEAR, O Syrinx, thou lost dryad !  
Marsyas, thou mortal, hear !  
If to lovely and free spirits it is granted  
to draw near  
And revisit the whole earth from some  
far off and twilight sphere,

Like the limpid star of evening hanging  
o'er the dark hill brow,  
Globed in light to touch this valley where  
a worshipper I bow,  
O give heed, and of your wisdom help  
a mortal lover now !

68 LEGENDS OF THE REED

Lend him, novice at your 'flute-work,  
learner of the magic cry,

Something, howsoever faulty, of that cun-  
ning ecstasy,—

The inevitable cadence where the raptures  
pause and die,—

You could marshal at your bidding from  
the wind-blown river reeds,—

Mark to rhythm and mould to beauty,—  
plastic for perfection's needs;

Skill to give the spirit lodgment where  
the longing fancy leads!

Souls of lovers lost in music! You who  
were beloved of Pan,

Piping madness through the meadow  
where the silver river ran;

You who, favoured of Athene, found her  
careless gift to man,—

O stray hither, and recalling some such  
earth-born golden hour  
When the thrushes eased their sorrow, and  
the laurel was in flower,  
Give this last lost child of nature one  
least pittance of your power!

So he shall be well accounted love's own  
minstrel first and best,  
By another shy wild Syrinx when he puts  
the gift to test,  
For a single day immortal. And the  
gods make good the rest!

Hear, sweetheart, the lonely thrushes,  
pure and pleading up the clove  
From the dark moon-haunted hemlocks,  
and the spacious dim beech grove,  
Pierced by love's own silver planet with  
a path for us to rove,

70 LEGENDS OF THE REED

Comes the rapture, clear, unsullied, undistracted, undismayed,

Heart of earth that still remembers how her strength and joy were made,

When the breath of life was given and the touch of doom was stayed,—

The great joyance of creation welling through the world once more;

Love in power and pride and passion, crying still at beauty's door;

Soul in contemplation ranging the starlighted forest floor.

Once . . . O little girl, lift up that dear wild tender wood-nymph's face,

To your lover's who so loves you, gladdening all this leafy place,

Where as music merged, in moonshine sense and spirit interlace!

In the first of time was Hathor, the Egyptian Ashtoreth,

She, who bore the mighty Sun and quickened nature with her breath, Rocked the cradle of the Nile and gave men life and gave them death.

Once to share her mysteries, when earth grew green with spring, there came To her temple in Bubastis, needy and unknown to fame, A young herdsman golden-haired and tall, Argalioth by name.

And his undeflowered beauty, fair as lotus, slim as palm, With his voice like sweet hill-water sounding in the choric psalm, Touched the mighty heart there brooding in inviolable calm.

And a sigh as of the wind arose; the  
song was hushed; the veil  
Of the Shrine, which none might enter,  
moved and shimmered like a sail  
Or the golden boreal lights that hang  
across our Northern trail.

In astonishment the dancers halted. Then  
the voice said, "Peace!  
Let my son Argalioth come near. It is  
a gift of peace.  
Henceforth, only, truth, and goodness,  
finding virtue, shall find peace."

Then the lad arose and went behind the  
veil, and all was still.  
Slowly, as from out all distance, rising  
fast and fine and shrill,  
Came a flute-note, strong as sea-wind,  
clear as morning on the hill,

Grew and gained and swelled and triumphed, lingering from tone to tone,  
Golden deep to silver treble, pure and passionate and lone,  
Marking time to things eternal, touching bounds of spirit's zone.

Filling all the space between with all the wonder and despair—  
Reach and compass and fulfilment soul could ever dream or dare—  
Of the bliss beyond all telling, when the wild sense grows aware.

Then before those spell-bound watchers From the Holy Place returned The youth, girt in scarlet linen, with a countenance where burned The great glory of his vision and the secret he had learned.

## 74 LEGENDS OF THE REED

In his hand a yellow flute-reed bound  
with seven silver bands ;  
From brown foot to red-gold hair a  
figure that might haunt all lands  
With distraction and enthrallment, while  
this earth in beauty stands.

Not a word he spoke ; serenely trod the  
marble to the door ;  
Set the flute to mouth, and piping strains  
no ear had heard before,  
Passed out through the golden weather,  
and no man beheld him more.

Yet there lingered, ah, what music ! Not  
a listener in that farong,  
Through the years that came upon him,  
but at times would hear the long  
Piercing and melodious cadence, summer-  
sweet and autumn-strong,

Heard so long ago; and always, as if  
musing, he would say,

“It is Hathor’s magic flute; In some blue  
valley far away,

By a well among the palms, her wanderer  
has paused to play!”

For through all the earth he wandered  
with his magic pipe; and none

Heard that piping, but they straightway  
knew that their old life was done,

And the glamour was upon them, pru-  
dence lost and freedom won.

He it was who touched with madness, soft  
sweet madness of the spring,

The green-throated frogs, whose chorus  
makes the grassy meadows ring,

And the birds, who come with April and  
must break their heart or sing;

76 LEGENDS OF THE REED

Touched his fellow mortals even with a  
madness of the mind,

Till they too must rise and follow, leaving,  
sober tasks behind,

While a thing called love possessed them  
with a craving sweet and blind,

And they knew no fear thereafter, save  
the one supreme despair,—

Having loved to lose the loved one, the  
one lovely friend could share

The vast loneliness of being. What mute  
bitterness were there!

And we all are Hathor's children, brothers  
of the frogs and birds...

Who have listened once forever to the pipe  
whose magic words

None can fathom, though we follow  
dumbly as the flocks and herds.

Thenceforth howso'er we wander, all our  
care is but to know

Truth, the Sorceress whose spell of beauty  
can entrance us so,

As it was with happy lovers in their  
wisdom long ago.

And to all men once a lifetime comes that  
music sweet and shrill,

Pleading for the life's perfection, goods  
preferment over ill,

Beauty's issue from debasement, the de-  
liverance of will.

Many hear it not, or hearing turn with  
heedless hearts away,

Or their soul is deaf with greed or lust or  
anger or dismay,

And the precious fateful moment passes.  
But the wise are they;

78 LEGENDS OF THE REED

Who preserve without disquiet 'the serene  
and open mind,

The impassioned poise of spirit, lodged in  
senses more refined,

Than the quaking aspen breathed on by  
the unseen secret wind.

So in spite of tears and turmoil many a  
radiant hour they know,

Hearing o'er the roofs of men the far off  
magic woodpipes blow,

With a message for the morrow bidding  
them arise and go.

And that message? What I cherish most,  
this sweet white night of June,

When from sheath of fragrant lace-work  
slips one shoulder, like the moon

From the pine-tops with a lustre such as  
made its lover swoon.

Once on Latmus; when your hair falls,  
 like a vine the stars peep through;  
 When I kiss your heart out, much as  
 mighty Pan the reed-pith drew,  
 And your breath in one "Beloved!"  
 answers like the reed he blew;

What I prize most and most treasure,  
 is this knowledge great and sure:  
 He who knows love, knows the secret,—  
 he who has love has the lure,—  
 Of the strain whereto this earth was  
 moulded well and must endure.

Hush, ah, hush! Lie still! The music  
 is not yet gone from the firs,  
 Happily here the Ancient Mother, in this  
 solitude of hers,  
 Where the mighty veil of silence, leaves  
 and stars, the hill-wind stirs,

80 LEGENDS OF THE REED

Some new larger revelation would vouch-  
safe to you and me,  
Of the sorceries of summer, or the secret  
of the sea,  
Whose sheer beauty shall enthrall us  
while its truth shall set us free.

O my golden Syrinx, surely we have  
heard the magic flute,  
Whose dark, wild mysterious transport in  
a moment can transmute  
All the heart and life forever, making  
spirits that were mute

Musical and glad! And we have listened  
to that lost flute-saint,  
Whose long, sweet and sobbing minor is  
the record of the rain,—  
Whose proud passion is the gladness when  
the spring comes back again.

Hark, the thrushes at their fluting! The  
old wizardry and stress  
Of entrancement are upon them. Wise  
ones of the wilderness,  
Who can say but they have burdens of  
a joy beyond our guess?

Long since did the magic minstrel take  
them silent from the bough  
In his hands, and with the secret breath  
of life their throats endow,  
As this rosered mouth of beauty burning  
inward I do now!

## A SHEPHERD IN LESBOS

ALL night long my cabin roof resounded  
With the mighty murmur of the rain;  
All night long I heard the silver cohorts  
Tramping down the valley to the plain;

All night long the ringing rain-drops  
Volleyed  
On the hollow drum-heads of the leaves  
In a wild tattoo, while gusty hill-winds  
Fifed The Young Pans' March about the  
eaves.

So all night within the mountain forest,  
Passed the shadowy forces at review;  
And they bore me back to time's beginning  
When the wonder of the world was new.

Then from out the gloom there came a vision

Of the beauty of the earth of old,—  
The unclouded face and gracious figure,  
Filletted with laurel and green-stoled,

Such as Daphne wore the day she wandered

Through the silent beech-wood of the god,

When a sunray through the roof of shadows Wheeled and stole behind her where she trod.—

When the loveliness of earth, transfigured By one touch of rapture, grew divine, Ere it fled before the unveiled presence To in-dwell forever its green shrine.

84 LEGENDS OF THE REED

Like a mist I saw the hair's gold glory,  
The grave eyes, the childish scarlet lip,  
And the rose-pink fervour that afforded  
Soul the sheath to fill from tip to tip.

On her mouth she laid a warning finger,  
And her slow calm enigmatic smile  
Told me, ere she spoke, one half the  
message;  
Then I heard (my heart stood still the  
while),

“ Mortal, wouldst thou know the maddening  
transport.”

No mere earth-born lover may attain,  
Till some woodland deity hath loved him,  
And her beauty mounted to his brain?

"Thenceforth he becomes, with her for  
mistress,  
Master of the moods and minds of men,  
Moulding as he will their deeds and  
daring,  
All their follies open to his ken ;

"Yet is he a wanderer forever,  
Without respite seeking the unknown.  
Wouldst thou leave the world for one  
who offers  
But the beauty bounded by her zone?"

When I woke in golden morning dyeing  
The dark valley and the purple hill,  
Flushing at the doorway of the forest,  
Flowered my mountain laurel, cool and  
still.

86 LEGENDS OF THE REED

How I chose? Have ye not heard, in  
Lesbos

Of a mad young shepherd by the shore,  
Whose wild piping bids the traveller tarry  
Some immortal sorrow to deplore?

On a morning by the river marges

Many a passer-by hath heard that strain,  
Sweet and sad and strange and full of  
longing

As a bird-note through the purple rain.

In a maze the haunted music holds them  
With its meaning past all guess or care;  
With its magic note the lonely cadence  
Swell's and sinks and dies upon the air;

## A SHEPHERD IN LESBOS 87

And they say, "It is the stricken shepherd  
Whom the nymph's enchantment set  
astray,

And the spell of his bewildering vision  
Holds him fast a lover from that day.

" His dark theme no mortal may interpret ;  
But forever when the wood-pipes blow,  
Some remembered and mysterious echo  
Calls us unresisting and we go."

## DAPHNE

I KNOW that face!  
In some lone forest place,  
When June brings back the laurel to the  
hills,  
Where shade and sunlight lace,

Where all day long  
The brown birds make their song—  
A music that seems never to have known  
Dismay nor haste nor wrong—

I once before  
Have seen thee by the shore,  
As if about to shed the flowery guise  
And be thyself once more.

Dear, shy, soft faee,  
With just the elfin trace  
That lends thy human beauty the last toueh  
Of wild, elusive graee!

Can it be true,  
A god did once pursue  
Thy gleaming beauty through the glimmer-  
ing wood,

Enfeebled in the Dorian dew,

Too mad to stay  
His hot and headstrong way,

Demented by the fragrance of thy flight,  
Heedless of thy dismay?

But I to thee  
More gently fond would be,  
Nor less a lover woo thee with soft words.  
And woodland melody;

Take pipe and play  
Each forest fear away;  
Win thee to idle in the lef<sup>ly</sup> shade  
All the long summer day;

Tell thee old tales  
Of love, that stil avails  
More than all mighty things in this great  
world,  
Still wonder works nor fails;

Teach thee new lore,  
How to love more and more,  
And find the magical delirium  
In joys unguessed before.

I would try over  
And over to discover  
Some wild, sweet, foolish, irresistible  
New way to be thy love!—

New, wondrous ways  
To fill thy golden days,  
Thy lovely pagan body with delight,  
Thy loving heart with praise.

For I would learn,  
Deep in the brookside fern,  
The magic of the syrinx whispering low,  
With bubbly fall and turn;

Mock every note  
Of the green woodbird's throat,  
Till some wild strain, impassioned yet serene,  
Should form and float

Far through the hills,  
Where mellow sunlight fills  
The world with joy, and from the purple vines  
The brew of life distils.

Ah, then indeed  
Thy heart should have no need  
To tremble at a footfall in the brake,  
And bid thy bright limbs speed.

But night would come,  
And I should make thy home  
In the deep pines, lit by a yellow star  
Hung in the dark blue dome—

A fragrant house  
Of woven balsam boughs,  
Where the great Cyprian mother should  
receive  
Our warm unsullied vows

## THE LOST DRYAD

WHERE are you gone from the forest,  
Leaving the mountain-side lonely  
And all the beech woods deserted,  
O my dear Daphne?

All the day long I go seeking  
Trace of your flowerlike footprint.  
Will not the dew on the meadow  
Tell tale of Daphne?

Will not the sand on the sea-shore  
Treasure that magical impress  
For the disconsolate longing  
Lover of Daphne?

Will not the moss and the fern-bed  
Bearing the mould of her beauty,  
Tell me where wandered and rested  
Rose-golden Daphne?

All the night through I go hearkening  
Every wild murmurous echo,—  
Hint of your laughter,—the birdlike  
Voice of my Daphne.

Why do the poplar leaves whisper  
Things to themselves in the silence,  
Though no wind visits the valley,  
Daphne, my Daphne?

Listen! I hear their small voices,  
An elfin multitude, mingle,  
Lisping in silver-leaf language,  
“Daphne, O Daphne!”

Listen ! I hear the cold hill-brook  
Plash down the clove on its pebbles,  
And the ravine drenched in moonlight  
Echoing, "Daphne!"

"Daphne," the rain says at nightfall ;  
"Daphne," the wind breathes at morning ;  
And a voice troubles the hot noon  
Uttering "Daphne."

Ah, what impassioned remembrance,  
In the dark pines in the starlight,  
Touches the dream of your wood-thrush,  
O my lost Daphne.

Dyeing his sleep like a bubble  
Coloured for joy, and the note comes,  
Golden, enchanted, eternal,  
Calling for Daphne !

O Mother Earth, at how many  
Thresholds of lone-dwelling mortals  
Must I, a wayfarer, tarry,  
Asking for Daphne?

How many times see their faces  
Fade to incredulous wonder,  
Hearing in some remote vale  
The story of Daphne;

Ere I at last through the twilight  
Hear the soft rapturous outcry,  
And as of old there will greet me  
Far-wandered Daphne?

## THE DEAD FAUN

Who hath done this thing? What wonder  
is this that lies  
On the green earth so still under purple  
skies,  
Like a hyacinth shaft the careless mower  
has cut  
And thought of no more?

Who hath wrought this pitiful wrong on  
the lovely earth?  
What ruthless hand could ruin that harm-  
less mirth?  
O heart of things, what undoing is here,  
never now  
To be mended more!

No more, O beautiful boy, shail thy fleet  
feet stray

Through the cool beech wood on the  
shadowy mountain way,

Nor halt by the well at noon, nor trample  
the flowers

On the forest floor.

Thy beautiful light-seeing gold-green eyes,  
so glad

When day came over the hill, so wondrous  
sad

When the burning sun went slowly under  
the sea,

Shall look no more.

Thy nimble fingers that plucked the fruit  
from the bough,

Or fondled the nymph's bright hair and  
filleted brow,

Or played the wild mellow pipe of thy  
father Pan,

Shall play no more.

Thy sensitive ears that knew all the speech  
of the wood,

Every call of the birds and the creatures,  
and understood

What the wind to the water said, what  
the river replied,

Shall hear no more.

Thy scarlet and lovely mouth which the  
dryads knew,

Dear whimsical ardent mouth that love  
spoke through,

For all the kisses of life that it took and  
gave,

Shall say no more.

Who hath trammelled those feet that  
never again shall rove?

Who hath bound these hands that never  
again shall move?

Who hath quenched the lamp in those  
eyes that never again

Shall be lighted more?

Who hath stopped those ears from our  
heart-broken words forever?

Who hath sealed that wonderful mouth  
with its secret forever?

Who hath touched this innocent being  
with pitiless death,

And he is no more?

He was fair as a mortal and spiritual as  
a flower;

He knew no hate, but was happy within  
the hour.

## THE DEAD FAUN 101

The Gods had given him beauty and  
freedom and joy,

Could they give no more?

Is all their wisdom and power so fond a  
thing?

Must he perish, nor ever return with  
returning Spring,

But be left like a dead-ripe fruit on the  
ground for a stranger

To find and deplore?

They have given to mortal man the im-  
mortal scope,

The perilous chance, unrest and remem-  
brance and hope,

That imperfection may come to perfection  
still

By some fabled shore.

Did they give this being, this marvellous  
work of their hands,  
No breath of the greater life with its  
grief and demands?  
Do beauty and love without bitter know-  
ledge attain  
This and no more?

The wind may whisper to him, he will  
heed no more;  
The leaves may murmur and lisp, he  
will laugh no more;  
The oreads weep and be heavy at heart  
for him,  
He will care no more.

The reverberant thrushes may peal from  
the hemlock glooms,  
The summer clouds be woyen on azure  
looms;

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He is done with all lovely things of  
earth forever  
And ever more.

## HYLAS

COOL were the grey-mottled beeches,  
Quiet with noon were the fern-beds,  
Where by the bubbling spring water  
Tarried young Hylas.

Whistling a song of the rowers,  
Dipping his jar till it gurgled,  
Suddenly there the bright naiads  
(Woe for thee, Hylas!)

Looked and beheld his fair beauty  
Better their well-head, and straightway  
Exquisite longing possessed them  
Only for Hylas.

When he returned not at sundown,  
"Over long," said his companions,  
As slow dismay came upon them,  
"Tarries young Hylas."

Never again did his comrades  
Find the lost rower, nor maidens  
See from their doorways at twilight  
Home-coming Hylas.

Thenceforth another must labour  
To the timed thud of his rowlock,  
And only legends keep tally  
Of the lost Hylas.

Yet even now, when the springtime  
Visits the valley, and rain-winds  
Voyage for lands undiscovered,  
As once did Hylas,

With a great star on the hill-crest  
In purple evening, a flute-note  
Pierces the dusk, and a voice calls,  
“ Hylas, Hylas ! ”

### AT PHÆDRA'S TOMB

WHAT old grey ruin can this be,  
Beside the blue Saronic Sea?

What tomb is this, what temple here,  
Thus side by side so many a year?

This is that temple Phædra built  
To Aphrodite, having split  
Her whole heart's great warm love in  
vain,

One lovely mortal's love to gain;  
Yet trusting by that fervent will,  
Consuming and unconquered still  
In spite of failure and of fate,  
By favour of the gods to sate

Her splendid lost imperious "  
 Mad love for young Hippolytus,  
 Whose brilliant beauty seemed to glow  
 Like a tall Alp in rosy snow,  
 While love and passion, wind and fire,  
 Flared through the field of her desire.

"Great Mother, come from Paphos now  
 With benediction on thy brow,  
 And pity! Not beneath the sun  
 Lives such another hapless one.  
 O Aphrodite of the sea,  
 For love have mercy upon me!  
 Give me his beauty now to slake  
 This body's longing and soul's ache  
 Touch his cold heart until he know  
 The divine sorrow of love's woe."

What madness hers, what folly his!  
 And all their beauty come to this.

Epitome of mortal doom—

A name, a story, and a tomb!

Have ye not seen the fog from sea

On Autumn mornings silently

Steal in to land, and wrap the sun

With its grey, cold oblivion?

The goddess would not smile on her,

On him no gentler mood confer.

He still must flush his maiden whim;

She still must leash her love for him,

A fancy lawless and superb,

Too wild to tame, too strong to curb,

Too great for her to swerve or stay

In our half-hearted modern way.

Have ye not seen the fog from land

Blow out to sea, and leave the land

Of orange marsh and lilac shore

To brood in Autumn peace once more?

So there survives the magic fame  
Of her imperishable name,—  
Light from 'a time when love was great,  
And strong hearts had no fear of fate,  
But lived and strove and wrought and  
died,      " "  
With beauty for their only guide.

And yet this temple raised and wrought  
With prayers and tears, availed her naught.  
The years with it have had their will;  
Her soft name is a by-word still  
For thwarted spirit, vexed and teased  
By yearnings that cannot be eased,—  
The soul that chafes upon the mesh  
Of tenuous yet galling flesh.

How blue that midday shadow is  
In the white dust of Argolis! .

This is her tomb. . . . See, near at hand,  
This myrtle! Here she used to stand  
Those days when her love-haunted eyes  
Saw her new-builded hope arise,  
Watching the masons set the stone,  
And fingering her jewelled zone,  
Or moving restless to and fro,  
Her pale brows knit a little, so.

Look, every leaf pierced through and  
through!  
I doubt not the gold pin she drew  
From her dark hair, and, as the storm  
Of love swept through her lovely form  
With pique and passion, thrust on thrust  
Vented her vehemence. O dust,  
That once contemplated such a flame  
With beauty, colour, line and name,  
And gave great Love a dwelling-place  
Behind so fair, so sad a face,

Where is thy wilful day-dream now,  
That passionate lip, that moody, brow?

Ah, fair Greek woman, if there bloom  
Some flower of knowledge in the gloom,  
Receive the piteous, loving sigh  
Of one more luckless passer-by.

Peace, peace, wild heart! Unsatisfied  
Has every mortal lived and died,  
Since thy dear beauty found a ~~bed~~  
Forever with the dreaming dead.  
In seagirt Hellas long ago,  
Immortal for thy mortal woe!

THE PRAYER OF THE REED PLAYER

O PIPES of Pan,  
Make me a man,  
As only your piercing music can!  
When I set my lip  
To your reedy lip,  
And you feel the urging man-breath slip

Through fibre and flake,  
Bidding you wake  
To the strange new being for beauty's sake,  
I pray that be  
Returned to me  
The strength of the hills and the strength  
of the sea.

O river reed,  
In whom the need  
Of the journeying river once was freed,  
As of old your will  
Was the water's will,  
To quiver and call or sleep and be still,

So now anew  
I breathe in you  
The ardour no alchemy can subdue,  
And add the dream,—  
The immortal gleam  
That never yet fell on meadow or  
stream.

I breathe and blow  
On your dumb mouth so,  
Till your lurking soul is alive and aglow.  
Ah, breathe in me.

The strength of the sea,  
The calm of the hills and the strength of  
the sea.

Love, joy and fear,  
From my faint heart here,  
Shall melt in your cadence wild and clear.

With freedom and hope  
I range and grope,  
Till I find new stops in your earthly scope.

The pleading strain  
Of pathos and pain,

The diminished chord and the lost refrain ;  
The piercing sigh,

The joyous cry,  
The sense of what shall be bye and bye ;

The grief untold  
Out of man's heart old,

Which endures that another may still be  
bold ; . e

The wiser will

That foregoes self-will

And aspires to truth beyond transmelt of i

Ambition unsure,

And the splendid lure

Of whim in his harlequin vestiture ;

And the reach of sound

Into thought's profound ;

All these I add to your power earth-  
bound ;

But most, the awe

That perceives where law

Is revealed at last without fault or flaw,—

The touch of mind

That would search and find

The measure of beauty, the purpose of kind.

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So with the fire  
Of man's desire  
Your notes shall outreach the mountain  
choir.

Brook, breeze, and bird  
Shall hear the Word,  
And know 'tis their master they have  
heard.

And the lowly reed,  
Whose only need  
Was to sigh with the wind in the river  
weed,  
Shall be heard as far  
As from star to star,  
Where Algol answers to Algebar.

For the soul must trace  
Her wondrous race  
By a seventh sense on the charts of space

Till she come at last,  
Through the vague and vast,  
To her own heart's haven fixed and fast.

O pipes of Pan,  
Whose music ran  
Through the world ere ever my age  
began,  
When I set my lip  
To your woodland lip,  
I pray some draft of your virtue slip.

From each mellow throat,  
As note by note,  
A learner, I try for the secret note,—  
The rhythm and theme  
That shall blend man's dream  
Of perfection with nature's imperfect  
scheme!

Blow low, blow high,  
Your haunting cry  
For me, a wayfarer passing by;  
Blow soft or keen,  
I shall listen and lean  
To catch what your whispered messages  
meant.

I shall hear and heed  
The voice of the reed,  
And be glad of my kinsfolk's word,  
indeed.  
I shall hearken and hear  
Your untroubled cheer  
From the earth's deep heart, serene and  
clear.

Blow cold and shrill  
As the wind from the hill,  
I yet shall follow to learn your will;

Blow soft and warm  
As an April storm,  
I shall listen and feel my soul take  
form.

Blew glad and strong  
As the grosbeak's song,  
And I mount with you over hurt and  
wrong;  
Blow little and thin  
As the cricket's din;  
But my door is wide, and I bid them in.

Blow, blow till there be  
Inbreathed in me  
Tinge of the loan and tang of the sea,—  
A vagrom man,  
Favoured of Pan,  
Made out of ardour and sinew and tan,

With the seeing eye  
For meadow and sky,  
The want only beauty can satisfy,  
And the wandering will,  
The questing will,  
The inquisitive, glad, unanxious will,  
That must up and away  
On the brave essay  
Of the fair and far through the long sweet  
day,—  
Of the fine and true,  
The wondrous and new,  
All the warm radiant bright world through.

Blow me the tune  
Of the ripe red moon,  
I shall sleep like a child by the roadside  
soon;

And the tune of the sun ;  
When our piping is done,  
Lo, others shall finish what we have begun.

For the spell we cast  
Shall prevail at last,—  
When fault is forgotten and failure past,—  
Prevail and restore  
To earth once more  
The lost enchantment, the wonderlore.

And I must attain  
To the road again,  
With the wandering dust and the wandering  
    rain,—

A sojourner too  
My way pursue,  
Who am spirit and substance, even as you.

Then give me the slow  
Large will to grow,  
As your fellows down by the brookside  
grow.  
Ah, blow, and breed  
In my manhood's need  
The long sweet patience of flower and  
seed !

O pipes of Pan,  
Make me a man,  
As only your earthly music can ;  
And create in me  
From your melody  
The strength of the hills and the strength  
of the sea !

## THE TIDINGS TO OLAF

*THIS is a question arose in the Norseland  
long ago,  
A'dout the time of Yule, the season of joy  
and snow.*

*To-morrow, our Christmas Day, can you  
answer straight and true,  
After these thousand years, when the question  
comes to you?*

Olaf sat on his throne, and the priest of  
Thor stood by ;  
And the King's eyes were grey as the  
December sky.

Whom shall we serve, O King—the god  
of thy fathers, Thor,

Who made us lords of the sea, and gave  
us our land in war,

Who follows our battle flag over the  
barren brine,

Who braces the bursting heart when the  
rowers bend in line,

Who hath made us the fear of the world,  
and the envy of the earth,

Whose splendour sustains us in death, who  
hath given us plenty for dearth,

Or this poor, thought-ridden Jew, an  
outcast whose head was priced

At thirty pieces of silver, this friendless  
anarchist, Christ?

"Is not thine empire spread over the  
Western Isles ?

Are not thy people sown wherever the  
sun-path smiles ?

"Do there not come to thee iron and  
gems and corn ?

Does not thy glory blaze wherever our  
trade is borne ?

"Over the red sea-rim thy galleys go down  
with the sun ;

Beyond the gates of the storm thy written  
mandates run.

"Behold, new lands arise to the list of  
thy daring prows,

And health and riches and joy prosper  
thy fir-built house.

Is there lack to thee of aught the  
strength of thy folk can give,  
When the will and the longing come to  
stretch out thy hand and live?

Honey and fruit and wine, are they not  
spiled on the board?

Do not a hundred tribes pay tribute to  
our Lord?

“Olaſ, beloved of the gods! Is there an  
outland tongue,

Is there an isle of the sea where thy praise  
has not been sung?

“Scarlet and silk and gold gleam on thy  
breast and brow.

Had the kings of the earth of old such  
honour and freedom as thou?

"Might and dominion and power and  
majesty, are they not thine?"

Will the seed of warrior kings dishonour  
the war-god's shrine?"

"O King, do I speak this day in thy  
name, or forevermore

Let perish the ancient creed? By thy  
grace, is it Christ or Thor?"

Olaf sat on his throne. And the Prince  
of Thor gave place

To a pale dark monk. All eyes were  
bent on the stranger's face.

"O King, how shall I speak and answer  
this wisdom of old?"

Yet the new trees of the forest spring up  
where the old are felled.

"When the sombre and ancient firs are  
 laid in the dust, in your North,  
 The tender young green of the birch and  
 the delicate aspen put forth.

"Is the land left naked and bare, because  
 the brush-fires have run?

Ye have seen the soft carpet of fern spread  
 down where the blackening was done.

"With beauty God covers the ground,  
 no acre too poor to befriend,

That thou and I and all men may perceive  
 and comprehend.

"He carries the sea in His hand, He lights  
 the stars in the sky,  
 And whispers over thy soul as the shadows  
 move on the rye.

"The King has his kingly state, but his  
heart is the heart of man,  
Swept over by clouds of grief, then sun-  
lit with joy for a span.

"And every living spirit that is clothed  
with flesh and bone  
Is just so much of God's being, His  
presence revealed and known.

"We are part of God's breath, as the  
gust, whereby thy hearth-fire is fanned,  
Is part of the wild north-wind that rolls  
the breakers to land.

"We are a part of His life, as the waves  
are a part of the sea,  
A moment uplift in the sun, then merged  
in eternity.

“What is it, •O man and King, that  
stretches between us twain,  
Like the living tides that gird the islands  
of the main?

•What lifts thy name, Olaf, aloft on the  
shout of thy folk in war?

What keeps it warm by the hearth? Is  
it the favour of Thor?

“No? •Tis the love of thy people, the  
great common love of thy kind,

The thing that is old as the sun and  
stronger than the wind.

“And, Olaf, all these things, these goods  
which thy priest proclaims,

That make thee a lord among men, and  
give thee a name above names,

“Are gifts of the spirit of love. Take  
away love, and thy throne  
Melts like a word on the air; thou art  
a name unknown.

“Is the King heavy at heart, and no man  
can tell him why;  
What does his glory avail to put the  
heaviness by?

“But like any poor nameless man among  
men, the mighty King  
Is heartened among his folk by the simple  
love they bring.

“Is the King weary in mind, and none  
can lighten his mood;  
What cheers him to power anew but  
thought of his people's good?

To love, to know, and to do! So we  
grow perfect apace,

The human made more divine, as the old  
to the new gives place.

“But who will show us the way,—be  
lantern and staff and girth?

Where is the Light of the World, and the  
Sweethess of the Earth?

“The King has a thousand men, yet one  
more brave than the rest;

The King has a hundred bards, yet one  
the wisest and best;

“The King has a score of friends, yet one  
most accounted of.

And now, if these three were one in  
courage, in wisdom and love,

"There were the matchless friend, whose  
 cause should enlist all lands,  
 Gentle, intrepid, and true. And there,  
 O King, Christ stands.

"Freedom and knowledge and joy, not  
 mine nor any man's,  
 But open to all the earth without pro-  
 scription or bans,

"Where is the bringer of these? His  
 hand is upon thy door.

And He who knocks, O King, is a greater  
 God than Thor.

"Olaf, 'tis Yule in the world; the old  
 creeds groan and fall,  
 The ice of doubt at their heart, the snows  
 of fear over all.

‘But now, even now, O friends, deep  
down in the kindly earth,

Are not the marvellous seeds, awaiting  
the hour of birth?

“Even now in the sunlit places, do not  
the saplings prepare

To unfold their new growth to the light,  
unsheathe their rich buds on the air?

“And so, from the dark, sweet mould of  
the human heart will arise,

To enmoring the world with light and  
this life emparadise,

“The deathless, young glory of love. And  
valley and hill and plain

And fields and cities of men, they shall  
not sorrow again.

“For there shall be freedom and peace  
and beauty in that far spring,  
And folk shall go forth without fear, and  
be glad at their work and sing.

“And men will hallow this day with His  
name who died on the tree,  
For the cause of eternal love, in the service  
of liberty.”

“O King, shall the feet of Truth come  
in through thy open door,  
Or alone out of all the world be debarred ?  
Is it Christ or Thor ?”

The King sat on his throne, and the two  
priests stood by.

And Olaf’s eyes grew mild as a blue April  
sky.

Thus were the tidings to Olaf brought in  
the early days,  
To be a lamp in his house, ana' a sign-  
post in the ways.

And you, O men an' women, does it con-  
cern you at all,  
That Truth still cries at the cross-roads,  
and you do not heed his call?

THE PRAYER IN THE ROSE  
GARDEN

LORD of this rose garden,  
At the end of May,  
Where thy guests are bidden  
To tarry for a day,

Through the sweet white falling  
Of the tender rain,  
With thy roses theeward  
Lift this dust again.

Make the heart within me  
That crumbles to obey,  
Perceive and know thy secret  
Desire from day to day;

Even as thy roses,  
Knowing where they stand  
Before the wind, thy presence,  
Tremble at thy hand.

Make me, Lord, for beauty,  
Only this I pray,  
Like my brother roses,  
Growing day by day,

Body, mind and spirit,  
As thy voice may urge  
From the wondrous twilight  
At the garden's verge,

Till I be as they be,  
Fair, then blown away,  
With a name like attar,  
Remembered for a day.

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